

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

Vol. 22

Chinook, Alberta. Thursday August 21 1941

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. P. DeMaere and daughter Phyllis visited in Calgary over the week-end.

Mr. Geo. Hutchison spent several days in Chinook last week, plastering in the Warren house.

Mr. and Mrs. K.H. Gullekson and Mr. J. Cooley were Calgary business visitors last week.

A new steam boiler has been installed in the basement of Chinook Consolidated School. The new boiler is expected to greatly increase the efficiency of the school's heating plant, and to cut fuel costs. The contract for the installation was awarded to Messrs. Gordon Cornell and "Irvy" Bagan, of Chinook.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Goddard of Oyen have been visiting at the home of Mrs. Goddard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Anderson of Chinook.

Margaret Davis is in Oyen this week, rewriting her Grade twelve Departmental Examinations.

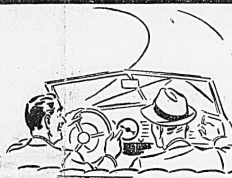
Mr. Geo. Aitken returned Tuesday afternoon from a month's vacation at Vancouver, bringing with him his sisters, the Misses Margaret and Muriel Aitken, of Vancouver.

Mrs. Wilfred Anderson had the misfortune on Saturday afternoon to burn her right hand severely with lye. She was rushed immediately to the hospital in Cereal.

Mrs. Diver, 319 11 Ave W., Calgary, has been awarded, for the third consecutive season, first prize for the best flower garden in the city. She also received second prize.

GO 50/50 WITH OUR FIGHTING FORCES

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Save Gasoline

Experts have proved the average car getting 18 miles to the gallon at 30 miles an hour only gets 12.5 at 60. So hit a happy medium by not exceeding 40. It's safer too and helps you keep your 50/50 pledge. Our Fighting Forces need the gasoline. See that they get it by watching your speedometer.

REMEMBER: The slower you drive, the more you save!

Save and Share your Gasoline for VICTORY!

HARVEST TIME SPECIALS

Breast of Tuna Fish	per tin	20c
Prem	per tin	28c
Aylmer Pumpkin	per tin	20c
Old English Peas	per tin	10c
Broders Cut Waxed Beans	per tin	14c
Aylmer Tomatoes	per tin	15c
Sliced or Crushed Pineapple	tin	18c
Mother's Brand Cocoa	per tin	23c

Canvas Staples, Rivets, & Tacks
Bolts and Washers
Gasolines, Oils and Greases

BANNER HARDWARE AND GROCERY

BRITAIN CARRIES ON

GERMAN BOMBS CANNOT
STOP THE BREAD OR THE SMILES



Their home wrecked by German bombing, these children can still smile above the loaves of bread they are carrying to the London communal kitchen. This is the spirit of London, which will enable the beleaguered city to stand forever against any bombardment.

GIRLS OF BRITAIN'S LAND ARMY



From shops, offices, theatres, came the girls of Britain's Women's Land Army to live a very changed life and do a much different job in the hour of their country's need. Sunrise finds the girls above, at work planting increased acreage of potatoes for next winter's food supply.

A PRAYER FOR ENGLAND

Thou mighty and merciful God of the nations
Oppression and cruelty thou dost abhor;
Help those in the midst of their vast tribulations,
The people of England, the victims of war.

How persistently, gallantly, they have been taking
The death of destruction which fell from the sky;
O still give them fortitude, never forsaking
This nation heroic when danger is nigh.

Of her African armies we hear with emotions
Of thankfulness deep, may they triumph in Greece.
The terror Teutonic soon sweep from the oceans;
As she trusts Thee, send England victorious peace.

As once upon Pharaoh, so on the Fuehrer
Thou Thy power shalt show, O omnipotent One;
Thy judgements all righteous than noonday are clearer:
For religion and freedom will earth see it done.

Now help our America aid to be bringing
To England opposing oppression abhorred.
Then on Victory Day we, rejoicingly singing,
Sincerely shall say, " 'Tis the work of the Lord! "

L'ENVOI

Give grace that these nations shall to Thee be turning
Imploring Thy pardon and seeking Thy ways,
To love and obey thee all joyfully learning —
Then for triumph transcendent Thy name they shall praise.

I. H. C. & John Deere

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Chinook, Alta.

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Chinook Meat Market

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Swifts and Burns well known
brands of Hams and Bacon

Hides and Horsehair bought at
market prices.

Chick Starter for Baby Chicks
Chick Scratch Feed for older
Chicks.

Phone No. 4

J. C. Bayley Prop.

Power In Wheat?

Hard on the heels of an editorial in this column urging that further research and experimentation into the economic feasibility of converting some of the Canadian wheat surplus into power alcohol as a substitute for gasoline comes an unofficial announcement from Ottawa that the federal government is considering that very thing and has held a preliminary conference with experts on this question.

The reason of the suggestion which, it is gratifying to note, has not fallen on deaf ears, was, of course, the necessity for putting to some useful purpose a commodity which is, at present, a glut on the market, if it can be said to be in the market at all, combined with a desire to explore every possible avenue of providing new income for the farmers, who are not now reaping more than a bare living from their operations.

Since that time, another development has taken place which should furnish an additional incentive to prosecute a vigorous search for a new outlet for wheat. Reference is made to the urgent necessity for conservation of gasoline for the war effort, a necessity which suddenly became so apparent that the government, through the oil controller placed drastic restrictions on the sale of motor fuel and appealed to the public to reduce pleasure driving by at least 50 per cent. The need for these measures, to be followed perhaps by rationing of gasoline, accentuates the importance of endeavoring to locate some other source of motor fuel.

Serve Double Purpose

If the conversion of wheat into power alcohol can be demonstrated to be economically feasible, the use of wheat for this purpose would serve a double purpose. It would assist in conserving gasoline and it would be at least a partial solution of the almost over-powering wheat problem.

Unfortunately, the article appearing in the daily press to which reference has been made is not overly optimistic, since it quotes the opinion of some of the experts attending the conference to the effect that the cost of processing would be so high that the price that could be paid for wheat used for this purpose would be so low that the farmer would not pay the cost of growing and harvesting it, or, in the alternative the government would have to subsidize the wheat grower.

The conference had before it a report of Dr. W. D. McFarlane of Macdonald College in which he estimated that "the most of the fuel, if wheat were 60 cents a bushel would be 5.4 cents a gallon" on the basis of production in a \$3,000,000 plant located in Winnipeg. "Such a plant, it is estimated would incur an annual loss of \$1,163,407, or a loss of 19.4 cents at the rate of 60.7 cents a bushel on the wheat consumed." This result is based on the operations of a commercial plant which would use 1,915,200 bushels of wheat a year, produce 10,000 gallons of power alcohol per day at the rate of 1,827 gallons from each bushel of wheat and producing by products of the value of \$20 a ton.

But the committee also had before it a report of a Polish engineer, Dr. Rotstein on a process, known as the Melle system, used in Europe which placed a figure of 38 cents a bushel as the economic cost on wheat priced at 80 cents a bushel. That is to say, the factory could pay 22 cents a bushel for wheat for conversion into power alcohol if the European process were followed.

Need For Experimentation

The story of the conference indicates, however, that there was wide disagreement between the experts in session on the questions of costs and relative values, a further reason for the necessity of conducting more research and further experimentation, not only to secure more accurate data but also to determine the most efficient and most economical methods of manufacture and processing. This could be done, as suggested at the conference, by building a pilot plant at an estimated cost of \$300,000, and again, the figure, it is stated, is a subject of dispute among the experts.

When the magnitude of the wheat problem in Western Canada is taken into consideration, and even though a commercial plant might only take care of one or two thousand bushels of wheat a year, it would seem desirable to spend \$300,000 or even more, in a practical effort to determine the economic feasibility, or otherwise, of such an undertaking.

If only a few million bushels could be used annually for the production of power alcohol, a few million bushels for the production of plastics and several million bushels more in other outlets, the problem would be partially solved. Theory solves no problems. It requires experimentation and practical application of the results of experimentation and these things cannot be done without some expenditure.

Australian Inventor

Was Responsible For Device Used To Defeat Magnetic Mines

The Patents Office Journal revealed that an Australian mining engineer, Franklin G. Barnes, developed the degaussing device which defeated the German magnetic mine menace to British shipping early in the war.

The Journal said Barnes was in England in November, 1939, when the first magnetic mine was recovered. At that time, many British ships were being sunk by that method. Six days later, the Journal said, Barnes filed specifications for a device whereby the mines could be neutralized by placing electric cables around ships.

Turn About

Fred C. Tatton, Marysville, Calif., read somewhere you could quell a bucking bronco by biting its ears. He tried it on his mount in a donkey softball game. The donkey bucked once more, grounded Tatton and bit him on the forehead.

Because of the noise it made in flight, an airplane in Brazil has been nicknamed the teetoe.

A finger ring with a built-in cigarette lighter has been patented.

The halibut is the largest of the flat fish.



Nervous Restless Girls!

Cranky? Restless? Can't sleep? Tired easily? Anxious by female functional disorders and monthly distress? Then take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, famous for over 30 years in helping ease random, weak, nervous conditions. Made especially for women. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Quality Shopping in London

British Develop Selective Ability Since Clothes Were Rationed

London is settling down to the workings of fashion under the rationing system for clothes. Reckoning that the country over, women in England ordinarily bought items amounting to some 200 coupons each year, the Government decided to cut the number of these dress items down to some 66 coupons' worth in a year.

What can a woman get for 66 coupons? A coat takes 14 of them, a woollen dress 11, a silk dress seven, a blouse or cardigan five, a skirt seven, shoes five, a pair, stockings two coupons a pair, each yard of woollen material bought to be made up three coupons, leaving still lingerie and odds and ends to buy.

Limiting only the number of garments a woman can buy and not the expenditure per garment has already had the effect of increasing quality purchases as against a multiplicity of purchases at lower prices.

The coupon system already begins to make its mark on the designs of the London couture. Fabrics chosen have smooth surfaces and close weaves to stand wear and stretch and to avoid any catching of surface threads. Difficult patterns are rejected; big patterns waste material in joining and matching at seams. Small patterns cut into far less yardage.

Classical suits are bought which look as good next year as this. The slim line which has been increasingly used during the past months is ideal because it again does not use too much fabric. Jackets will be slightly shorter in cut.

Victory Buns

The underground "V for Victory" campaign sponsored by Britain among peoples conquered by Germany has reached South Bend, Indiana. A restaurant there is baking V-shaped buns. The restaurant is at St. Mihel in the First Great War the allies fired 1,000,000 shells from one front in four hours.

Tie up to Ogden's!



Ask any old timer how to get the greatest satisfaction from rolling your own and he'll tell you to tie up to Ogden's—the light green package that is your green light to the best smoke of your life! For Ogden's isn't "just another fine cut." It's different, gorgeously different—a distinctive blend of choicer, riper tobaccos. Try it today.

Only the best cigarette papers—"Vogue" or "Claret"—are good enough for Ogden's.

OGDEN'S FINE CUT

Pipe Smokers! Ask for Ogden's Cut Plug

Women Workers

California To Use Women In Aircraft Factories

The demand for more defence labor, particularly in the mushrooming aircraft industry, is forcing California to turn to women to swell its reserves of workers. R. G. Wagent, state director of employment, says there is no question but that employment of ever increasing numbers of women in the construction of vital defence weapons is coming.

The use of women in airplane factories, munitions plants, in the making of tools and in industries not directly connected with the defence program, thus freeing men for heavier work, would substantially increase the state's sorely taxed manpower, Wagent believes.

Roughly speaking, certain industries could substitute women for 25 to 40 per cent. of their workers."

SELECTED RECIPES

ALL-BRAN MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening
1/4 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup All-bran
3/4 cup milk
1 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
Blend shortening and sugar thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Add All-bran and milk; let stand until most of the moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderate oven (400 degrees F.) about 30 minutes.
Yield: Eight large muffins (three inches in diameter) or 12 small muffins (2 1/2 inches in diameter).
Note: When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk, use 1/2 teaspoon soda and omit one teaspoon baking powder.

Devoted Heroism

Fatally Wounded Australian Offers Body As Shield

A Sydney (Australia) newspaper publishes a letter from an Australian officer who fought in the Libyan campaign telling of a warrant officer's devoted heroism when fatally wounded by an enemy shell. Knowing he could not recover, he crawled under a Bren gun which was getting a severe peppering and said to the gunner: "Here, lad, use me as a shield." The gunner did so, and escaped injury.

Do we stop to think and to realize that in a very true and literal sense our fighting forces of land, sea and air are actually, our one shield of defence from the bombs and shells of the enemy?—Halifax Herald.

Italy Has New Idea

Italian cafe-goers may have to drink their synthetic coffee standing up. Benito Mussolini's newspaper Popolo d'Italia has begun a campaign to requisition cafe chairs and tables for conversion into armaments. The paper said that their metal parts are more valuable on the battlefield than supporting cafe frequenters who "talk too much."

Health Is Better

A recent survey of health condition among Canadian employees in war factories showed that health of workers generally was "infinitely better" than during the First Great War, health department officials said at Ottawa.

People who are up and doing are never down and done. 2425

Nobel Prize Winner

A Famous Indian Who Gained World Prominence

Sir Rabindranath Tagore, famous Indian poet and painter, is dead. Tagore was born in Calcutta, the youngest son of Marashi Devendranath and grandson of Prince Dwarkanath Tagore. After a private education in India he was sent to England at 16 to study law. He soon returned to India, however, and at 24 went to the country to manage his father's estates. There he wrote many of the works that brought him world fame and the Nobel prize for literature.

In 1901 Tagore founded a school at Santiniketan which later developed into an international institution called Visva Bharati. There he tried to revive the spirit of education of ancient India when eager youths sat at the feet of the mystics. He sought to abolish all class and religious distinctions.

Tagore made his last visit to the United States in 1930 and fell seriously ill at New Haven, Conn. He was forced to cancel his lecture tour and physicians disclosed that because of a serious heart ailment he had risked his life in making the journey.

Among his projects, Tagore established an institute of rural reconstruction "to bring life in its completeness into the villages, making them self-reliant and self-respectful." He turned his estates over to the school and in 1913, when he was awarded the Nobel prize for literature, he devoted all of the prize money to the institute.

Tagore was dignified, aristocratic, and patriarchal in his appearance in later years. His hair and beard were long and white and he wore long robes. His eyes were sunken and bright. He spoke in a low, musical tone.

Lake Mohandas K. Gandhi, whom he greatly admired, he hoped to see India independent of Great Britain. But he believed that first of all the people had to be taught to respect themselves, to "realize their own part in the great scheme of the universe."

In New Haven in 1930, Tagore said: "The clouds have blotted away the stars and we wonder when the dawn shall begin. For we are humble and suffer and bear the burden of power and hide our faces and stifle our souls in the dark. But the morrow shall be ours."

Tagore's best known works were: The Religion of Man, Creative Unity, Letters to a Friend, The King of the Birds, Hungry Stones, Lover's Gift, Dark Chamber, Fruit Gatherer, Stray The Wreck, Glimpses of Bengal, Personality, Nationalism, The Home and the World, Reminiscences, The Fugitive, Letters From Abroad, The Gardener, The Crescent Moon, Thought Relics, Greater India, Chitra, Broken Tiles, Fireflies and Kabir's Poems.

He took to painting when he was 68 and his pictures were exhibited in Moscow, Berlin, Munich, Paris, Birmingham and New York.

Saw Mounties Mounded

Inspector Of Scotland Yard Had Picture Taken With Them

When the Duke of Kent was at the No. 2 wireless school of the commonwealth air training plan in Calgary he stopped and chatted with Corporals D. O. Forrest and P. G. Adams of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who were mounted on matched bay horses. Pictures were taken.

No sooner had the Duke departed than a slim man in plainclothes asked the photographers if they would take a picture of him beside the mounties. It was Inspector H. J. Evans of Scotland Yard who is accompanying the Duke.

"It's not, often I want my picture taken," said Inspector Evans. "But this is the first time I have seen these men mounted."

A Good Explanation

Count Ciano, Italian foreign minister, has been explaining the determined stand of the Russians in the face of the German attack, saying: "In order to understand the Russian resistance the Slavic racial qualities must be taken into consideration. These qualities are fundamentally of a physical strength and exceptional psychology for tolerating hardships."

Madrid has a law prohibiting tipping. Waiters asked for the law, insisting it was humiliating to accept gratuities.



Canada's First Tank Brigade

Officer Commanding Is Proud Of The Troops He Leads

At a barren, isolated camp of the Canadian Army Tank Brigade somewhere in England, Brig. F. F. Worthington is seeing a vision become reality as his troops prepare for battle in the world's finest tanks.

For years in Canada this fiery, colorful brigade commander championed the tank as a weapon of war. Now as commander of the first tank brigade in Canada's history he leads one of the finest formations of fighting men ever to cross the ocean.

Over there they call it "Worthington's Brigade." It was organized and developed by this dynamo of a man who has been a prospector, miner, sailor and soldier of fortune who fought Pancho Villa in Mexico and served in the First Great War to win the Military Cross and Bar and the Military Medal and Bar.

Officers and men in the brigade are hand-picked. The brigadier, the highest practical rank of them. He knows his troops and they have sprit admiration for him.

The brigade combed the northland frontiers for recruits from trappers, hunters and caterpillar tractor drivers. These men have the endurance and vision that tankmen need. The brigade also went to the Prairies for farmers who worked all their lives with track vehicles.

It's 100 to 1 the brigade won't religiously follow orthodox tank practices. The brigadier has definite ideas on tank warfare and plenty of new angles up his sleeve. Brig. Worthington, a native of Scotland, went to California in his youth, became a prospector and miner and then went to sea for 12 years as an engineer.

His wanderings took him to Central and South America where he fought in several revolutions, then joined the forces battling Pancho Villa. The First Great War took him to Canada and then to England.

In 1936 he was appointed chief instructor of the first Canadian tank school at London, Ontario. This was the start of the rise of the tank in Canada. Two years later the school was established in Camp Borden, Ont., and when armored formations were formed he received senior appointments and promotions, emerging as a brigadier commanding the present tank brigade.

Can Keep Secrets

Women Air Force Radio Operators Are Reliable

The recent disclosure of the new air defence system now known as radiolocation has exploded one of the oldest fables about women—that they cannot keep a secret.

Large numbers of women's Auxiliary Air Force radio operators for months past have been doing their part in "radiolocating" enemy planes. Yet not a word of this most closely guarded of Britain's weapons has reached the ear of the outside world. Just how well the W.A.A.F. kept silent was shown when the story of radiolocation was officially told. W.A.A.F. members not directly concerned in its operation were as surprised as any other members of the public.

In the past recruiting officers looking for likely radiolocation candidates were able to say only that the work would be "confidential and interesting." Now any young woman between 17 1/2 and 35 can ask to be considered for radiolocation work. If she has a nice clear voice, perfect eyesight, integrity of character and an above-average education the job is hers.

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Presto-Pack is the handiest form in which waxed tissue is sold.



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A New Order

Says War Destroys Social Barriers In Britain

The war is tearing down Britain's social barriers and building a new order, Sir Gerald Campbell, director-general of the British information services, said.

"I have said that the man-in-the-street in Britain realizes that this is his war," the former British minister to the United States told the Commonwealth club at San Francisco. "He does, and the condition of Britain after the war is going to be his, too."

"A new order is on the march in my country, a new order, of which Adolf Hitler could not conceive. It is born of the war-raid shanties and among the auxiliary services, and in the fighting squadrons of the R.A.F. "The flame of our common effort has burned away the barriers of class and caste which has so complicated the pattern of our social life, and has left us a people united as never before."

Plastics From Coffee

Brazil Has Started New Industry To Take Care Of Surplus

Surplus coffee now burned in Brazil at an annual loss of \$1,400,000 is to be made into plastics materials, says Food Industries. Already a pilot plant is partially completed, which will produce 18,000 pounds of plastics daily from 215 bags of coffee. And soon work will start on a \$5,000,000 plant to make 500,000 pounds of plastics annually, which would make Brazil the world's principal producer of plastics powder. Perhaps somewhere in that field lies a partial solution to Canada's surplus wheat problem.—Kitchener Record.

Britain's New Tank

Lighter But Tough Machine Has Been Named The Covenanter

The latest British tank to be taken into the secret list, a 15 to 16-ton sister of the slightly heavier Crusader, has gone into mass production and has been named the Covenanter by Minister of Supply Lord Beaverbrook.

The Covenanter combines a speed of 30 miles an hour with remarkable manoeuvrability, excellent armor and formidable fire-power.

Learning Rug-Making

British women are teaching German airman-prisoners the art of rug-making and the captives in one district have completed a thrift rug pegged out of strips of old stockings. British soldiers, wounded Frenchmen and Poles also are being taught.

Authoritative records show no deaths from the bite of a tarantula.



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DAUGHTER OF DESTINY

—BY—
Eleanor Atterbury Colton

CHAPTER XX.

At first, as Devona stood staring at the almost insolent condition written boldly in Jose Macias' face, she felt only anger and a passionate desire to dash something into that blandly confident smile.

The concealed roar, as if, by flashing his wealth, by indicating his decision—he could buy her, body and soul, just as he'd bought dozens of others. All his sorry procession of silly little Freda Camps.

Then, common sense laid a cooling hand on her temper. Now was no time to antagonize a man like Macias. She felt only anger and a passionate desire to dash something into that blandly confident smile.

"Thank you. It's nice of you to ask me. But really—" and with casual reference to the watch on her wrist, "I'm only a poor working girl, you know. And it's late. I must run along. To-morrow's another work day, you know." And made her smile the most friendly gesture she could muster.

He only looked at her, his expression unchanged. The cat at the mouse hole, she thought again irrelevantly and suppressed a shudder. "You know what I mean, Dona," he said finally, caught her hand, drew her toward him.

"Please, I—" and put a table's width, cleverly, between them. Forced to release her hand, he bent toward her across the tiny, highly polished barometer. "I want you, Dona. I'll give you what you want—what you should have."

"I don't know what you mean," "I mean you're not the kind of girl that can take the long drudgery," he said, still waiting for the answer he wanted, obviously intended to have. "You're beautiful, sensitive, refined, educated—all that. You can't take this racket for long. You'll lose that beauty. You'll get hard, bitter, toughened like the rest of them. I know. I've seen it happen there. I want to save you from that."

And, Devona thought bitterly, how desperately she wanted to be saved. But not by Macias.

Right as he was—much as she loathed the prospect of a life as second, or even third, rate show girl, still, of course, what Macias offered was no alternative!

"No, thanks. I like my life just as it is."

"No, you don't," he contradicted flatly. "You hate it down there. You're above the whole damned outfit, and you know it."

"That's not so—" trying hard to make it sound convincing. "I'm perfectly happy to be independent and on my way to—"

"Sweetheart, you're not on your way to anything except what I'm offering you. Girls in your line don't last long," he reminded her, brutally. "You know that."

"Your kind of beauty can't take it either. You've got circles under your eyes right now, and the night life hasn't done anything for the pretty, natural color you had when I first

saw you. Another couple of years and you'll look old enough to be your own grandmother."

"Maybe," she slipped, lightly, her heart racing, "but that's the way I want it."

He smiled slowly, but, to her infinite relief, made no move toward her. "You're a strange little bundle. I've had lots of girls hand me different times, but this is the first time I've had one go 'coy' on me."

"Is it 'coy' to want independence?" "No; but it's not convincing," He reached for a handsome, tooled leather cigar box, selected a long, black cigar, lit it carefully.

Grateful for this chance to re-circuit her wits, Devona didn't answer. When, after a telling little silence, Macias looked at her, he smiled knowingly.

"Better drop this pose, Dona. Nobody believes it. Not even you."

She shook her head with determined bristleness. "Sorry, mister, you've got the wrong number."

"I don't think so." Plunging one hand deep into his coat pocket, he drew out a long, blue velvet jeweler's box, snapped it open, pushed it toward her across the table. "Maybe this will help you decide."

For a moment, Devona stared fascinated, at the glittering rainbow of blues and yellows and purples as the magnificent four-strand diamond bracelet caught the lamplight, shattered it into exquisite prisms. Only once in her life had she seen so many perfect stones gathered into one shimmering strand. And that had been a rainy morning in London when she followed a kind-faced English hobo around the iron-clad Tower chambers to see the royal crown jewels. A King's ransom, this, she realized with renewed terror.

And unmistakable evidence of the strength of Macias' determination to have his own way.

He was still waiting, quietly. Turning a cool smile toward him, she snapped the box shut, pushed it back to him. "Lovely—but it's still —no, thanks! And now—please, I think I must go."

That last calm little request was really only a desperate stab into darkness. But—to her amazement and infinite relief—Macias actually crossed the long room to the hall, spoke crisply into the house phone.

"Have my car brought around at once."

Then, as he helped her into her coat, he laid heavy hands on her shoulders, forced her to face him. "I'm not giving up, Dona. You know that. But I can wait. And I'll wait patiently enough, unless—" the dark eyes blazed suddenly, "unless I catch you giving me the run around for some other guy. I don't go in for any competition, you know."

"Well—" she tried to shrug a laugh at him. "I'm not promising."

"I don't need promises. Young Brasher's of the picture. From now on—there just won't be any one else. I'll see to that."

An hour later back in the narrow warren of her tiny hotel room Devona paced restlessly. Play the game with Jose Macias and be "taken care of." That prospect certainly wasn't encouraging. But what could she do?

Back and forth she pursued the question. She could leave now, of course, before it was too late. Leave, but for what? Another job? But Macias held her contract, and she was a legal document, certainly worthless, still Jose Macias would use it to boycott her every effort. She'd seen that work out before. Just his word to the musicians' union and there wouldn't be a single job in Los Angeles open for her. Only last week the nice young boy who'd owned the drums in Macias' band had tried to defy him. He hadn't found a job yet.

She knew now why Manuel had only smiled at her, shook his head. "You don't know Macias. Once he makes up his mind about anything, there's no changing it—or beating him out of getting his own way. You watch. That boy will be on relief before the week is over."

And he was—at least a candidate for the bread line. It was the discouragement, the frustration mostly. The boy was used and he knew it. It wasn't a very happy—example.

But if she stayed on—then what? Macias would wait, he'd said. Tirelessly, persistently, he would wear down her resistance, binding her hand and foot until she bent to his will. And she—Jose Macias? He accepted the destiny that poor silly little Freda Camp, and the others before her, had accepted.

Shuddering, she slipped out of her clothes, into the hard narrow bed, and snapped off the light. She wouldn't accept that fate, of course, her tired brain assured her doggedly. But it refused to find a way out.

"To-morrow, she told herself, she'd think of something. To-morrow

she'd think of a plan, a course of action. To-morrow—

The words broke on a sob. To-morrow and to-morrow—To-morrow! What was to become of her? Always the sinister future. Always signals of danger ahead. Always haunting fears stalking right beside her—fear that she couldn't pay the rent for this miserable room, fear that she'd know the agonies of being hungry and penniless, fear that in all the world no one would care if she died starve. That was the worst one. The loneliness.

Why was it that she must fight on, thus, alone? And what would become of her, she asked her pillow miserably as she released the tears that choked her, scalded her eyes. What could become of her now that her puny strength was challenged by ruthless persistence like Jose Macias?

She could fight, a stubborn remnant of her old courage, told her bravely. She could use her every wit, her every last shred of intelligence, of skill to outwit this man. She could! She'd have to. No skirmish was won by accepting defeat first.

Sitting bolt upright in the cool darkness, she dried her tears, thumped her head against the pillow, and she tossed feverishly, waking often. So that morning found her still pale, still hollow-eyed and still groping for a solution to this new problem life had presented.

She fell asleep finally, exhausted. But her dreams were tormented, and she tossed feverishly, waking often. So that morning found her still pale, still hollow-eyed and still groping for a solution to this new problem life had presented.

"And what will to-day add to complicate that problem?" she wondered aloud as daylight crept in at the window, pushing the new day and new decisions toward her ruthlessly, relentlessly.

Wearily, she pulled herself out of bed. There was no turning back. Ever! It was always just a case of—holding out a little while longer! (To Be Continued)

Incapable Of Feeling

Adolf Hitler Has No Humanity In His Nature

The Argonaut, San Francisco, says: Herr Hitler is not working with human nature, but against human nature. Tyrants are never successful in the end. Their kingdoms and empires fall, like a house of cards.

Genghis Khan and Tamerlane overran almost the whole of Asia from the Pacific to the Mediterranean; but their great Tartar empire did not endure very long after their disappearance from the earth.

The great empire of Alexander the Great dissolved after his early death; the great Napoleon could not consolidate his conquests; and Adolf Hitler will not be able to consolidate his own. The spirit of revolt is smoldering now in every land occupied by his troops, and there is reason for thinking that millions of Germans in the fatherland would throw up their hats for joy, if they learned that their Fuehrer had been sent to the guillotine.

The simple truth about Adolf Hitler is that he is not human. There is not an atom of humanity in his nature. He is incapable of real love or real friendship, and he has no genuine friends; no woman is capable of loving him. He is as cold-blooded as a snake, or any other reptile, and he resembles a reptile in human guises more than a man. The man who wars against the dead reveals his nature clearly.

Too Much For Them

Outfit Board Puts Police Officers In Brantford On Spot

The police of Brantford, Ont., do their best, but they are not equal to the outfit board.

One Monday a had came into the police station to report that on Friday he had lost \$2.

"Well?" inquired the perplexed desk sergeant.

"Let me have it," said the youth. Again the desk sergeant was puzzled. He conveyed, gently the information that neither he nor the rest of his colleagues of the blue had the missing two bucks.

"But," persisted the inquirer, "it must be here because the outfit board told me it was."

Since the war's start the Royal Canadian Navy has conveyed Atlantic shipping carrying a total of more than 27,000,000 tons.

The varied climate of British Columbia provides for a greater diversity of farming enterprises than in any other province.

There are approximately 16,000 separate parts in a modern automobile.

Every 10c Packet of
WILSON'S FLY PADS
WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN SEVERAL DOLLARS WORTH OF ANY OTHER FLY KILLER

10c WHY PAY MORE

Best of all fly killers, he's quick, sure, cheap. Ask your Drug, Grocer or General Store.

THE WILSON FLY PAD CO., HAMILTON, ONT.

Britain's Life Line

Grizzled Old Sea Dogs Are Back In The Navy

The Royal Navy, stretched across the Atlantic to hold together Britain's life-line to America, is getting a hand from its grizzled old sea dogs.

These old-timers have seen Britain through other dark times. They have come out of well-earned retirement at the knowledge of her need in the big Battle of the Atlantic, and perhaps, too, by the chafe of inaction.

Many are doing landlubbers' work at all-important maintenance bases where they put their experience behind industrial crews that keep the navy's ships in tip-top fighting trim.

Others are back at sea on patrol duty and know once more the roll of a ship.

The story of their return to active duty is told coldly in navy record books.

The books tell of a 70-year-old chief engineer of a patrol boat. Before he retired he had been with the navy for almost 30 years—from 1892 to 1921.

During the First Great War, he served on a minesweeper. While the war broke out, he pestered the Navy until he was taken back. He went aboard the patrol ship early in February last year. He has been at sea ever since.

In the books, too, is the record of another, 66 years old. From 1892 until 1901 he was with the Royal Marines. In the Royal Navy Reserve from 1911 to 1931, he served through the first Great War.

He also is a patrol ship's chief engineer, returned to duty in January last year.

Since they have been on duty neither of the two men has had a day's sick leave.

The books tell of others. The Navy has 27 men who are more than 60. There are nearly 400 between 45 and 55.

Made A Good Deal

Paris Jeweller Got Best Of Bargain With New Yorker

The stepfather of the late Phil Plant once wanted to purchase a rare pearl necklace for his wife's birthday. Cartier, the Paris jeweller, owned such a necklace, but wanted \$120,000 for it. "Let's lose a coin," was the proposal made to Cartier.

"If it turns up heads, then I'll give you the sum you're asking, in cash. But if it turns up tails, then I'll give you, in return for that necklace, my town house at 52nd street, and 5th avenue. The coin was tossed, and it turned up tails. Cartier received the New York house in which the famous jewellery establishment he founded now operates.

The value of that property has leaped into the millions. The pearl necklace now is valued at less than one-fourth its original valuation.

The Modern Version

This was taken from No. 14 Service Flying Training School's Official Publication:

'Tis the night before pay day and all through my jeans I've hunted in vain for the ways and the means:

Not a quarter is stirring, not even a bit. The kale is off duty, the greenbacks have quit.

Forward turn forward, O Time, fly thy flight, And make it to-morrow, just for to-night.

In swimming season the "water that wasn't deep" takes the place of the "gun that wasn't loaded."

Sugar has now replaced bananas as Jamaica's chief export.

Better Smoking!
DAILY MAIL
CIGARETTES
Milder Smoking

Served Same Purpose

Elephants 2,000 Years Ago Did Work Of Modern Tanks

Like most weapons of modern mechanized warfare, the massive tanks that thunder through Europe to-day had a military progenitor over 2,000 years ago: a mammoth machine of mobile armor—the elephant.

It's fair to compare the tank with the war elephant, according to the American Society for Metals' headquarters at Cleveland, Ohio, because they served the same purpose—to force a break through for infantry.

Modern tanks must be protected against ever-improving anti-tank guns by better and better armor, which has called for constant research by metallurgists for tougher steel alloys—chromium, nickel, manganese and the rest. The elephants were armored, too, but with their own load hides. Additional man-made protection covered their vital regions.

Like the tank, the elephant carried a crew equipped with weapons for attack. The crew rode in an armored "howdah," carried bows, arrows and spears, instead of the machine gun and cannon of our modern tanks. When elephants were used by Carthage in its long wars against Rome, the Romans at first turned and ran. Then they discovered that the huge animals had an Achilles' heel, that if they were hit in their back legs were still, they became helpless.

In spite of this one weakness elephants continued to be an important part of the Carthaginian war machine. When Hannibal made his famous march from Spain across the Alps into Italy, he took along a train of elephants. They acted as "strucks" too, on journeys like this, because each elephant could carry a big load of war equipment and material. They were also more effective in the narrow Alpine passes than horse or ox-driven carts.

They became helpless.

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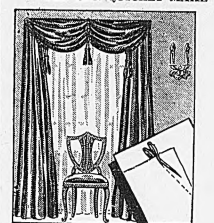


Diagram Shows Cutting Of Swag

What an air these curtains have! Imagine an apricot saloon draped in that stunning swag effect—or a soft moss-green damask.

But, snare as these draperies are, you can easily make them yourself. One piece of material makes a side drape and half the "swag"; it's just a simple trick of cutting and draping.

Measure two lengths of fabric as for side draperies, but add to each several extra inches—more than half the width of your window. Now cut, slanting one end of each length as the diagram shows. This is your swag end.

Gather up the longer edge of each swag end in graceful folds, attach down and join ends to form one continuous swag. Now sew a tape along the top of the swag and tack to the valance board.

Three tasseled cords complete the picture. Stitch one cord down the swag's centre, the others as if looped from the ends of the valance board.

You can as easily make handsome curtains for every room in your home. Our 32-page booklet gives step-by-step directions for glass curtains, drapery curtains, formal draperies. Shows how to measure, cut, sew, trim and hang. Has directions for valances, swags, cornices.

Send 15c in coins for your copy of "New Ideas in Making Curtains and Draperies" to Home Service Dept., Winnipeg Newspaper Union, 175 McDermott Ave. E., Winnipeg, Man.

The following booklets are also available at 15c each:

168—"Etiquette: The Correct Thing To Do"

193—"Fashion Drawing Made Easy"

WP—"Woodcraft Patterns"

198—"Announcements, Showers and Birthday Parties"

130—"World's Best-Loved Poems."

121—"How To Improve Your Vocabulary"

The Nazi Way

Rules Of Warfare Worse Than Those Of Dark Ages

"One would think that the Russians would not have to try very hard to rise to the level of what the Nazis call 'the European rules of war'."

The European rules, as the Nazis have interpreted them in practice, do not derive from those established by the late Marquis of Queensberry. The Russians would be following the Nazi code if they dropped behind the German lines disguised as nursemaids or housewives, with bombs and machine guns under their skirts; if they butchered kind German hosts who had received them when they were hungry refugees; if they infiltrated the German army and gave false orders to the German troops; if they took pride in their bag of women and children; if they lied, cheated and pretended to be friends in time of peace in order to achieve a more complete betrayal in time of war.—New York Times.

Planes For Free French

James Mollison Has Been Piloting Them To Africa

The ministry of aircraft production announced that James Mollison, British trans-Atlantic flier, has piloted 35-passenger Cunliffe-Owen "flying wing" planes to French equatorial Africa for use of Free French troops.

The ministry said Mollison volunteered for the 4,000-mile journey in unarmed craft "along an extremely dangerous route always well within range of enemy patrols."

In Corintho, Nicaragua, soap is made in the shape and size of cigars.

West Africa is the largest French colony.

MILDER! SMOOTHER! ECONOMICAL!
DAILY MAIL
CIGARETTES

In flight, pelicans flap their wings in unison, taking their time from a leader.

Some species of insects fly only once in their lifetime.



SEEDTIME and HARVEST

Dr. E. W. Neathy
Director, Agricultural Department
North-West Wheat Elevators Association

WHEAT

In the three prairie provinces wheat is, and probably always will be, the chief crop. Largely due to favourable conditions of soil and climate, we grow the world's best wheat.

Different parts of the prairie provinces vary, however, with respect to suitability for wheat production. I have been particularly impressed with this fact while travelling through the West during the summer. Undoubtedly, there are areas designed by Providence for growing wheat which are still under cultivation. True wheat production was profitable when a bushel was worth a dollar and a half or more. We cannot plan our farm economy on the assumption that such prices are likely to be realized again.

Then in the park and wooded areas, the quality of wheat grown is not, as a rule, equal to that produced on the open plains. Here mixed farming, including wheat, should prevail.

Wheat, wheat and more wheat is aggravating the weed and soil erosion problems year by year.

The Dominion Government has been faced with a very difficult problem in designing a wheat policy. We believe that more attention should be given to local farming conditions. In many parts, grasses and clovers can be used to good advantage in checking weeds and erosion. Progressive farmers are lacking this problem.

Will the bulk of our 1941 grass and clover seed crop cross the International Boundary?

RESTAURANT

Meals at all hours
FRESH OYSTERS
All Kinds Tobacco
and Cigarettes

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CARTAGE**



UNITED CHURCH

Church Service 11:45 a. m.
Sunday School 10:30 a. m.
All are cordially invited to attend

Come on Housewives.
Sock Him again!



METALS, PAPER, BONES

There are war weapons in your household waste. Save them. Give them. Canada can use them in war production material. Every scrap counts. Help win this war at your own back door!

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

ISSUED BY DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL WAR SERVICES

GET INTO THE SCRAP WITH SCRAP

Chinook Hotel

A Home Away From Home

Try Our Meals
GOOD ROOMS

W. H. Barros

Prop

Storage Capacity

To meet the needs of its customers The Alberta Pacific has 23,083,000 bushels of Country Elevator Storage space and Terminal Elevators at Vancouver and the Head of the Great Lakes

THE ALBERTA PACIFIC GRAIN COMPANY, LIMITED (29)

PATRIOTIC PARODIES

Old mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To check on her pots and pans;

The aluminum ones,
She knew were like guns
In helping defensive plans.

Frying pan, frying pan,
Where have you been?
I've been to London
And back again:
I'm part of a bomber
That flies o'er the sea . . .
Who'd ever have thought
That could happen to me!

20 PER CENT LESS GAS FOR U.S. DRIVERS

A sweeping gasoline ration system for the Eastern United States will mean a 20 per cent cut in non-essential driving.

However, there is absolutely no restriction placed on the amount of gasoline made available for use in ambulances, fire fighting equipment, commercial and agricultural activities and other more or less essential domestic and national services

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALBERTA PARENTS

In view of the spread of Poliomyelitis in Alberta, strict orders banning all children under seventeen years of age from public assembly of any kind, were issued by the Provincial Board of Health this week. The order will affect several thousands of children in the province. It was pointed out that there are over thirty cases of the dread disease in Alberta and prompt action may serve to prevent further spread of the disease. Schools will not reopen on September second unless the order is lifted. This will depend upon developments in the meantime. Provincial officials said that a close watch was being kept on the critical situation in Manitoba, where the total of poliomyelitis cases stood at 398.

BIRD HUNTING REGULATIONS 100 DUCK LIMIT

Migratory bird hunting regulations setting the duck bag limit at twelve per day in all provinces this fall, were announced Friday by officials of the department of mines and resources at Ottawa.

The regulations still banning the use of live decoys set the season duck bag limit at 150 in all the eastern provinces, with the limits for the Western Provinces as follows:

Saskatchewan 50, Manitoba and Alberta 100, and British Columbia 125.

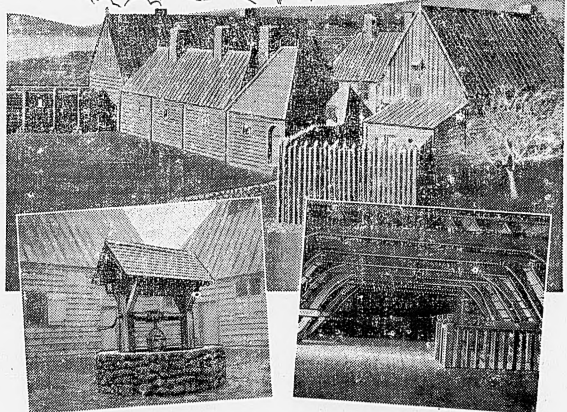
The bag limit for geese will be 5 per day and twenty five for the entire season in Alberta.

The open season dates for Alberta are to be as follows:

Ducks, Geese, and Wildfowl Snipe, September 8 to November 8, or September 15 to November 15, according to the district.

(There will be a closed season on Ross' Grouse, a species migrating through Alberta, now very seriously depleted in numbers.)

FIRST CANADIAN FORT IS REBUILT



Nova Scotia went back more than 300 years for the plans which were used in reconstructing the Port Royal Habitation, which housed the first Europeans to settle in America north of the Gulf of Mexico — and which was recently opened to the public by the Hon. T. A. Crerar, Minister of Mines and Resources. That famous fort, where Champlain instituted the Order of the Good Time, stands today as it did when hardy French explorers made it their headquarters in 1605.

The rambling log buildings, as much like the original as human ingenuity could make them, are the product of Nova Scotia craftsmen. Hand-hewn beams and floor boards are pegged into position; wrought-iron hinges hold the doors and solid shutters

in place, and other hand-worked iron is used for bars on the windows and decorative work.

If it is possible for one place to be "more historic" than another, this one can be described only in superlatives. DeMonts and Champlain arrived in Annapolis Basin in 1604 and named it Port Royal. The Port built in the following year was the scene of battle after battle between the French and English and had actually changed hands eight times by 1710 when it was finally captured by a strong expedition of New England troops from Boston. The name was changed to Annapolis Royal in honor of Queen Anne who then occupied the English throne.

The reconstruction of the ancient habitation at Annapolis Royal — to give it its modern name — has attracted wide at-

tention in Canada and the United States. Many individuals and organizations have donated old records, furnishings and other articles to lend to the authenticity of this famous site, 20 miles from Digby by Dominion Atlantic Railway. Digby is the western waterway entrance to Nova Scotia, connection with Saint John, N.B., being maintained by the S.S. Princess Helene. Other famous military structures still standing at Annapolis Royal include the ramparts of Fort Anne. The park, 28 acres in extent, includes a later French fort completed in 1707 and captured in 1719, and the officers' quarters erected by the British a few years later. Layout shows the Fort Royal Habitation; the well house, and a view showing the care with which the hand-hewn beams were put in place.